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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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I WONDER WHY.

In youth I labored hard at school;
I could repeat the lengthy rule
That told how the cube root was found;
My boyish brain whirled round and round
With all the mazes of the rule—
Yet never, since I went to school,
Have I a cube root yet discerned
Nor used the rule that then I learned—
I wonder why?

Full oft, in hazy memory,
I call to mind the G. C. D.
What was the thing? Why was it sought?
O, what prodigious, painful thought
I spent on it, and how I'd fret
The dodging G. C. D. to get!
And still in all the years to me
Has never come a G. C. D.—
I wonder why?

And fractions, too, I multiplied.
I turned them up, or on one side,
And added them, or used some trick
To get the answer right and quick.
Yet since my brave diploma came
I must confess—perhaps with shame—
I've never had to multiply
A fraction when I sell or buy.
I wonder why?

Old Euclid, too—I toiled with him;
I lacked diagrams with vim;
And cones and other things I wrecked
While various angles I'd bisect.
Dots, circles, lines and flying arcs
And all the cabalistic marks
I've never used since that far day.
They do not help me draw my pay—
I wonder why?

The algebraic mysteries
Once were as plain as A, B, C's.
I could stretch x's, y's and z's
Across the board and then with ease
Could solve, although my mind 'twould
Vex.
The problem, showing what was x,
Yet since I left the schoolhouse door
I've fathomed x plus y no more—
I wonder why?

HIS FINAL FEAT

The circus had come and gone.
The "6-Arlo Aerial Artists"—6
Had particularly impressed Jimmy
Bates. Though past the age when
boys, as a rule, get acrobatic fever,
his was a serious case. He dreamed
about turning flip-flaps, and
spent the greater part of his waking
hours for a full month in construct-
ing apparatus at the barn and prac-
ticing upon it. Lum Morris and
Lish Benton, his closest friends,
were active associates for a time,
but their enthusiasm waned within
a fortnight and they dropped out.

If he had been given the oppor-
tunity of joining a "sure enough"
circus at this time, Jimmie, no
doubt, would have developed into
an acrobat, for he was lithe, strong
and agile, and possessed the pa-
tience that takes infinite pains.
Fortunately, there was no one to
give him professional training, and
a well-nigh fatal accident caused
his parents to interfere, thus forc-
ing his energies into other channels.

One afternoon late in September,
Lum Morris came upon him carry-
ing a ladder across from the Bart-
lett pear tree to the barn. "Oh,
drop that ladder, and come on,"
said Lum, impatiently; "Hank
Courtney says there are bushes of
mushrooms down in Freeman's
pasture."

"Don't care anything about
'em," was Jimmie's discouraging
response; "besides, I'm afraid of
toadstools."

"These aren't toadstools."
They're the pink-gilled kind—the
very best."

"Help me boost this ladder up
across the bay, won't you, Lum?"
Jimmie asked, ignoring the subject
of mushrooms.

"Will you come then?"
"I'll see about it."

Lum backed up and stared hard
at him for a moment, but finally
relented. The two carried the
ladder in upon the barn floor, mak-
ing their way through the few open
spaces amid the maze of horizontal
bars, trapezes, and mats with which
the wide gangway had been littered
by Jimmie and his friends. At one
side was the hay, an open space in
the north end of the barn reaching
down to the basement, but now
filled with hay nearly to the level of
the gangway floor.

Clambering up the end of the
building by means of beams and
braces, Jimmie, with Lum's help,
elevated the butt of the ladder to a
resting place on the cross plate,
level with the big beam on the gang-
way side. Then he sprang down,
secured a rope and tied it to the top
of the ladder, which he later drew
up and laid across the big beam,
thus bridging the hay. Its height
was about fifteen feet above the level
of the hay.

"What are you going to do?"

Lum asked, in a tone of mild inter-
est.

"Loop this rope from rung to
rung, and make an 'air-walker,'
like the smallest of the Arlo brothers
used. Don't you remember how
he went, hand over hand, from one
pole to the other? You have to go
fast or the rope'll slip. Wait a
minute, and I'll show you how it's
done."

"Aren't you going mushrooming
with me?"

"You wait!"

Jimmie ran out and tied one end
of the rope to the rung farthest from
the beam. Working backward, he
drew the rope over and around
each rung, forming loops between
that hung down about two feet
from the ladder. The rope was not
long enough to be strung the entire
length, but ended a little over half
way back. By this time Lum had
become sufficiently interested to
join him on the ladder.

"You ought to have more rope,"
he suggested.

"I know it," Jimmie replied.
"Say, you make a figure eight
knot in the end here, with a noose
about a foot across; and I'll go to
the shop, and see if I can't find
another length of rope."

"How do you make a figure eight
knot?"

Jimmie had already leaped down
upon the hay. He glanced up and
answered impatiently:

"Why, bring back the end of the
rope to form the noose. Then tie
both strands in a simple knot, so
they can't slip." He scrambled out
upon the gangway floor, and hur-
ried away. Lum was no sailor, and
he by no means understood
Jimmie's hasty instructions. He
formed the loop of proper size, and
then, taking the free end, brought
it twice about the running portion
of the loop, and finally thrust it
under and drew hard upon it. The
result was simply a running noose
through two tight loops—a knot
that would be certain to slip under
repeated strains, if it did not at
first.

Jimmie came back empty-handed
and frowning. "Uncle Jake or
somebody has taken the boat paint-
er I had in the shop," he said cross-
ly. "I'll have to get along with
this."

"Come on," Lum again suggested;
"we'll go after mushrooms now."

"Watch me," said Jimmie.

He swung off from the free loop
Lum had formed, clutched the next,
and so on, going from loop to loop
with great speed, till he dropped
from the last, close to the end of
the barn.

"That's easy," Lum declared;
"that's no trick at all!"

"Is that so?" said Jimmie,
slightly nettled. "Suppose you
try it."

Lum started bravely, but came
to grief on the third loop. The
rope had been passed merely once
about each rung, and, of course,
tended to slip under the weight
of the swaying body beneath. By
speed in clutching the next loop,
this could be guarded against, but
in no other way. Lum was too slow,
and, on reaching the third loop,
sank down nearly a yard, so low, in
fact, that he could not regain the
ladder, and, after squirming help-
lessly in midair, was forced to drop
upon the hay.

Jimmie laughed derisively, till
Lum more than half lost his temper.

"Are you going with me after
mushrooms, he demanded."

"No," said Jimmie "I'm not."

"I didn't think you were, any of
the time."

"Neither did I."

"You can put up your own lad-
ders alone after this!"

"Well, it isn't as if I couldn't do
it."

Lum stamped out of the barn, in
anything but a pleasant humor,
while Jimmie, in high conceit at
his own wit, whistled blithely as he
rearranged the loops. Then he
climbed back and forth upon them,
till, pausing to regain his breath,
he saw his Uncle Jake standing in
the doorway, watching him.

"That's a foolish performance,"
his uncle observed dryly, "for a
young man who'll be a voter in a
few years. I should think you'd
have more sense. I'm going to
speak to your father about it."

"He knows all about it," said
Jimmie, with untroubled good-humor,
"and there isn't any danger."

"Look at that ladder," Uncle
Jake continued, not in the least
mollified. "If the butt slips off
that plate, you stand a chance of
getting a crack on the head that
will crush your skull like an egg-
shell. And then you talk to me
about there being no danger!"

"I didn't think of that," said
Jimmie, climbing up to the loft,
while his uncle left the building.
He shoved the ladder hard against
the weather-boards back of the
plate, and looked for a stick to
brace against the top round, but
could find none long enough.
Walking out upon the ladder, he
stopped and looked down.

"I wonder if that trick of swing-
ing by the back of the neck and the
heels is so very difficult?" he asked
himself, half aloud. "I believe I'll
see." Suiting the action to the
word, he swung himself down, and
drew on the second loop from the
end till the others on either side of
it were drawn taut. Into this loop
he thrust his feet, and then, cling-
ing by his hands, near the end of
the rope, inserted his head in the
noose Lum had made. The rope
rested across the back of his neck
and encircled his forehead, the
knot being just above his eyes.
Slowly he lowered his body till his
weight rested on neck and ankles,
when he folded his arms in the
manner of a circus performer.

It was not easy to avoid doubling
up like a jack-knife, but Jimmie
stiffened his spine and hips, and
swung himself sideways. Back and
forth he swayed—once—thrice; and
then something unpleasant happen-
ed!

The section of rope supporting
his head veing to sustain much the
greater weight and not having been
drawn down as low as possible
before, slipped over the rung for
about six inches. This plunged his
neck through the noose up to the
shoulders, and, at the same time
caused his heels out of the other
loop.

Instinctively he thrust out one
hand and grasped the rope just
above the knot, as he shot down-
ward. The fall took up the slack
of a third of the loops, but did not
give him more than eight feet of
rope, so he was brought up short,
with his feet nearly a yard above
the hay. It was, indeed, fortunate
that he had one hand on the rope,
for, under the strain, Lum's "figure
eight" knot had released its grip on
the running strand, and the noose
was tight about his neck, with the
knot at the point of his chin. But
for the support of his arm, his neck
would have been broken or he
would have been strangled.

With bulging eyes and labored
breath, Jimmie strove desperately
to climb up the rope, hand over
hand. This was a feat he had fre-
quently attempted before—though
not always with success—but never
under similar conditions. With
his life now depending upon his
own unaided efforts, with his neck
so compressed that he was able to
breathe only in labored gasps, and
already exhausted by his previous
exertions, he found the task of
reaching the ladder beyond his
powers. When, almost within the
grasp of the rung from which he
hung, suspended, his muscles relax-
ed, and he could go no further.

Sliding downward a foot, he
clutched his hardest with his right
hand, and, releasing his left, tug-
ged at the knot that was indenting
his chin. It gave a way, and then
stuck again, whereupon he
thrust his fingers under it, intend-
ing to pry the noose open with the
leverage of his elbow, and then
drop to the mow.

The knot continued to resist, but,
inch by inch, he forced his hand in-
side till the rope pressed across his
wrist, and his palm was over his
mouth. Then a sudden cramp
crippled his right hand, his grip re-
laxed, and he fell.

Jimmie was sure his arm was broken,
and only the fact that he remained
conscious convinced him that
his neck had not been dislocated.
His temples throbbed till they seem-
ed about to burst. He tried to call
for help, but could only gurgle
hoarsely. His lungs felt distended
like twin balloons, for he could
draw in air easier than he could
expel it.

Round and round he spun,
struggling vainly and aimlessly.
Everything was growing black be-

for him, when, without warning,
something seemed to give away
above and he fell upon the hay at
the same instant sustaining a glanc-
ing blow upon the forehead that
blotted out his pain and terror.
The butt of the ladder had slipped
off the plate and had fallen at such
a slant that the eight feet of rope
permitted him to lie at length upon
the mow.

Five minutes later, his mother
coming to call him to tea, found
him unconscious upon the hay.
Her cries brought the family and he
was carried into the house, while
doctors were hurriedly summoned.
Several hours elapsed before he
was believed to be out of danger.

A week later, with his swollen
wrist in a sling and his bruised neck
swathed with bandages, Jimmie
visited the barn for the first time
since the accident. The gangway
was swept clean, and ladder and
rope had disappeared. His hopes
of becoming an acrobat, and the
visible signs of his strenuous practis-
ing, had vanished together.

Lum Morris appeared across the
garden. "Do you feel well enough
to go after mushrooms to day, Jim-
mie?" he called.

"Yes," said Jimmie, "if you'll
walk slowly, and go around by the
barn."—*The Boys' Magazine.*

The Coldest City on Earth.

The coldest inhabited place in the
world is undoubtedly Verkhoyansk,
in Northeastern Siberia, with a mean
annual temperature of less than
three degrees above zero, Fahr-
enheit, and a winter minimum of
eighty-five below.

Verkhoyansk is in north latitude
sixty-seven degrees, on the great
Arctic plain, scarcely more than one
hundred and fifty feet above the
level of the sea. Probably there
would be no town there, if it were
not necessary to Russian govern-
mental purpose to have an adminis-
trative centre for a region where
many thrifty Yakuts, the fur-trad-
ing "Jews of Siberia," carry on
their operations.

All its inhabitants, save a few
officials and other Russians, are
Yakuts. This does not prevent its
being a place of some importance,
for the Yakuts are the most pro-
gressive people in northern Siberia,
excelling the Russians themselves
in enterprise and adaptability to
Siberian conditions of existence.

The average temperature of the
winter in Verkhoyansk is fifty-three
degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.
The rivers freeze to the bottom, and
the small trees have been known to
snap and split from the force of the
frost. Yet with all this, Verkhoy-
ansk is, it is claimed, not a disagree-
able place of residence, and is
preferred by the Russian officials to
many more southern and warmer
posts. Its atmosphere in winter is
clear, and for the little time that the
sun is above the horizon its beams
are unobstructed. The air is still,
too, no blizzards or drifting snow-
storms make life a burden to the
inhabitants.

The Siberian dress completes the
comfort of the citizens of this Arctic
city. It consists of two suits of fur,
an outer and an inner suit. The in-
ner suit is worn fur side inward, the
outer fur side outward. With his
head down, and just enough space
left to see out of and to breathe
through, the Verkhoyansker is vast-
ly more comfortable in a tempera-
ture of eighty below than many an
American, in his cloth overcoat, in a
temperature of five degrees above
zero.

The winter, indeed, is more enjoy-
able than the summer, which is
hotter than might be expected.
The average temperature of July in
Verkhoyansk is fifty-nine above
zero, and very hot days are not
uncommon. The earth becomes
green and vegetation thrives,
though only the surface of the
ground is thawed. At Yakutsk,
which is farther south than Verkhoy-
ansk, but not much warmer in
winter, the mercury rises in July to
one hundred degrees.—*Harper's
Weekly.*

"Where did you go last night?"

"New stant. I heard a deaf-
mute deliver an oration."

"Did he make a set speech?"

"No; he spoke off-hand."—*New
York Journal.*

HIS TEMPTATION.

Hugh Ward got up at daylight to
build a fire and warm the room for
his mother, who was not strong, and
found the keen air of the winter
mornings very trying in their domi-
cile close to the eaves, and all the
time he was about this labor of love
he was hoping that the experiences
of to-day might not be a repetition
of those of yesterday, and the day
before and, in fact, the entire week.
He had been searching for some-
thing to do in the great city, and it
made him think of what his grand-
mother used to say about "hunt-
ing for a needle in a haystack."
There might be plenty of work,
but the trouble was to find it.

He had visited stores and manu-
factories—any and all places where
there seemed likely to be a chance
of a boy's obtaining employment—
and always the answer to his in-
quiry was, "We do not need any-
one at present and several appli-
cants stand ready for the first vacan-
cy that occurs."

Matters were getting serious with
Hugh and his mother. There was
next to nothing left to live upon.

Where food was to come from
when this little was gone, Hugh
had no idea. He could hope for
something favorable to happen, and
do his best to get work, and that
was all.

He built the fire, and busied
himself in getting breakfast, if the
little there was to do—because there
was so little to do with—could be
called breakfast-getting. Then he
went to the door of his mother's
room and called her. He found her
crying.

"Don't do that, mother," he
said, gently.

He did not ask her what she was
crying about. He knew only too
well.

"Oh, Hugh, I can't help it," she
answered. "I am completely
discouraged. I could stand the
hardship so long as I was able to do
something to help, and not mind it
much. But now—with no work,
no chance of getting any as I see,
and a poor old sick mother on your
hands—"

He stopped her with a kiss.

"What would I do without you?"
he asked. "The thought of you
makes me strong and determined to
accomplish something. Don't worry
about me, mother. I can bear it if
you can."

"Yes, I know you will do that for
my sake," she replied, with a sigh;
"but it is hard for me to sit here
idly, day after day, knowing that I
can do nothing—"

"You can hope that I will find
work," he said. "That will help
mother."

"I can pray, too," she replied.
"I have prayed but it has seemed
as if my prayers were not heard.
Forgive me, my boy, for being so
weak as to let you see how dis-
couraged I get. For your sake, I
will try to be braver."

When the little meal was eaten,
he put on his hat and went out
again in search of work.

Up and down the busy streets he
went, trying, and this place, and
that to secure a job no matter how
hard or humble it was. He was
willing to do anything, honest for
the sake of earning something.

But there was nothing for him to
do. It was the old story of the
past five days over again.
"Oh," he said to himself, as he
paused on the street after the sixth
failure he had met with that day,
"what is to be done?"

A sense of danger close at hand
came home to him all at once, as it
never had before. It frightened
him. Starvation stared them in
the face. There was not enough in
the house to last over Sunday.
Something must be done at once to
secure more. But how was he to
do it? He could earn nothing.
Must he beg?

He shrank from the thought
with a shudder. But, if he could
not get work, he might be forced to
do that for his mother's sake. She
must not suffer for want of food.

He came to a great building, in
which he knew there were many
lawyers' and other professional
men's offices.

"I'll try here," he said. "There
may be something I can do."

He went up the stairway leading
to the rooms above. He began at
the first office.

No; they had nothing for him to
do. It was so at each place on that
floor.

He climbed to the next floor. The
answer was the same there.

At last there was but one office
left to visit, and it was with a de-
spondent heart that he knocked at
the door.

A gruff voice bade him come in.
He opened the door and entered the
room.

A man sat at a desk busily en-
gaged in writing. "Well, what's
wanted?" he asked, merely glanc-
ing up from his paper as Hugh
came in.

"Work," answered Hugh. "I
have been searching for it all the
week. I will do anything it is pos-
sible for me to do, if I can earn
something. If I do not, we—my
mother and I—will soon be starv-
ing. I will sweep your floor, I will
bring in your coal! I will do what-
ever you set me at! Only give me
a chance to work. Don't tell me,
as all the rest have, that you've
nothing for me to do."

"I'm sorry, of course; but I'm
obliged to tell you that, because
it's true," replied the man. "We
have a dozen applications to every
job."

Poor Hugh turned away with a
quivering lip. He went to a win-
dow, and stood there, looking out,
but seeing nothing, for great tears
blinded him.

There was a step in the hall, and
a gentleman came in.

"Hello, Stephens! How are
you?" cried the man at the desk,
getting up to shake hands with the
newcomer. "Glad to see you! Sit
down."

Hugh felt that he was not wanted
here, and went out.

"Who is that?" asked the visitor.
"A poor chap who wants work,"
was the reply. "He seemed terribly
up because I couldn't give him
any. A fine-looking chap, but in
hard luck, if his story is true. Ah,
well, there are hundreds more in
the same fix. It's a hard winter
for the poor, Stephens!"

Hugh was going down the dim
hallway, when his foot touched
something. He bent down to pick
it up. It was a pocketbook!

A great thrill went over him as
he opened it, and saw it was filled
with banknotes. Here was money
enough to keep him and his mother
comfortable for months to come.

"It's mine—mine—because I
found it!" he cried, as if in answer
to some one. "How do I know
who lost it?"

He saw a name stamped across
the inside: "W. B. Stephens."

"That is the name of the gentle-
man who has just gone into the
room I came from," he thought.
"I suppose he lost this. But he
does not need it, and he will never
know who found it. I need it. I
will keep it! It is to save my
mother from suffering that I do
this. For mother's sake, not mine.
Surely that can not be wrong; for
she will starve if I don't. It may
save her life!"

He thrust the pocket-book in his
coat hastily, as if he feared dis-
covery, and ran down stairs. He
would buy some bread and meat
and tea, and take them home with
him. They would have a royal
feast.

But—how could he explain to his
mother how he came by these
things? Could he tell her that he
had found, and kept a pocket-book
whose owner he knew? No, no!
she would never touch a mouthful
of food procured in this way.

"But it won't be stealing," he
cried, trying to argue with his
conscience.

"Yes, it will," answered back his
conscience. "You know whom it
belongs to. Take it back to its
owner."

"But we need money so much,"
he said, pausing on the street.

"But you need honor more,"
something responded. "Could you
respect yourself if you were to keep
this money?" No, you would lose
yourself-respect; and when a man,
or a boy, cannot respect himself, he
is going toward ruin. Do what you
know is right."

"I will!" said Hugh, stoutly,
turned at once to retrace his steps,
and restore the lost property to its
owner.

He met Mr. Stephens in the lower
hall of the building.

"Did you lose this?" he asked,
holding up the pocket-book.

"Yes," was the reply. "Where
did you find it?"

"Up stairs, in the hall."

"But you are just coming in
from the street."

"Yes," replied Hugh, feeling a
guilty flush creeping over his face.
"I found it when I came out of the
room, and I thought I would keep
it, we needed money so; I couldn't
do it, and I was bringing it back to
you?"

"You are sure your mother didn't
send you back with it?"

"My mother knows nothing
about it," replied Hugh, and turned
to go.

"Don't be in such a hurry,"
said Mr. Stephens. "I want to go
with you, and see where and how
you live. You've done me a good
turn; maybe I can do one for you."

"Oh, if you could only give me
some work to do!" cried Hugh. "I
want to be earning something."

"We'll see about that by-and-
by," said Mr. Stephens.

He went home with Hugh, and
satisfied himself that the boy's
story was a true one.

Before he went away, he had en-
gaged Hugh to come to his home
for several hours daily, to help him
arrange a library that he was fitting
up.

"And here is something to bind
the bargain," he said, putting a
ten dollar bill in the boy's hand.

"Oh, sir, you don't know how
thankful I am, because I can't ex-
press it!" exclaimed Hugh, with
glad tears in his eyes.

"I understand," said Mr. Ste-
phens. "The thing to be most
thankful for is, that you resisted
and overcame the temptation that
was put in your way; if you had
yielded, think of that!"

"I do!" rejoined Hugh. "But
the temptation was so strong."

"Mother, I came near doing it
for your sake, and yet it is the
thought of what you would think of
me that helped to save me quite as
much as a desire to do right. I am
ashamed to think how near I came
to being a thief."

"He who is tempted and resists
has more to be thankful for and
proud of than he who is not tempt-
ed," answered his mother, and kiss-
ed him proudly. "Do what is right
and honest always, let what will
happen. That is your mother's ad-
vice—remember it."

And Hugh always did.

That was the end of their trouble.
He had found work, and could
earn enough to keep them com-
fortably through the winter. And he
did so. He is at work still for Mr.
Stephens, who, has proved to be a
good friend to him, because he be-
lieves him to be honest and a boy
whom it is safe to trust.—*Eben
E. Reesford.*

Boy with Pluck.

When William Pitt, at the age of
21, became a candidate for Parlia-
ment, there was a general outcry at
the presumption of this youth.
Two years later when he had be-

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1911.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1101 Street and Ft. Washington Ave.) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humble and the weakest
'Neath the all-befolding sun,
That wrong is also one to us,
And they are slave, most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

In a full-page, illustrated article in the New York *Herald* of Sunday, July 30th, James K. Forbes writes as follows, concerning the deaf and dumb impostors. The article is headed "Knaves in the Name of Sweet Charity." It will help along the campaign of extermination of deaf-mute fakirs that Jay Cook Howard is so energetically directing. A million readers will surely read Mr. Forbes' expose of the "dummy" fakir, and will be on guard and vigilant for a long time to come. Here is the section of the article that has a direct interest to the deaf:—

ROLE OF THE "DUMMY."

The American beggar is as distinct in type and methods from the hochstaber as the average American is from the European. For instance there is the "dummy" role which, in the beggar's estimation, "beats the game." The "dummy" is a fraud who, without compulsion and for gain only, assumes the part of a deaf-mute. On railroad trains and ferry-boats, in crowded restaurants and saloons, at race-tracks and county fairs, at political conventions and expositions, at factory pay gates, the "dummy" finds opportunity to exercise his detestable trade.

By preference the "dummy" "works" suburban railroad trains, where his victims can not well escape his importunities. He hands out printed cards called "dockets," which set forth, with variations, that the bearer, deprived of speech and hearing by an attack of typhoid or scarlet fever, takes this means of collecting from the sympathetic public money enough to establish him in some "small and honorable" business.

His reasons for boasting that he "beats the game" is that a man or woman deliberately counterfeiting the affliction of the deaf-mute cannot be made to incriminate himself or be convicted of imposture if he "stands pat."

"Pekin Eddy" and "Jersey Blacky," were two choice spirits standing high as "good people" among the chivalry of the road. "Eddy" and "Blacky" did not justify their caste as well as Seymour, who was afterward identified as "Georgie" Slim. These worthies were locked in a cell with a Judas window in the rear by which all conversation might be heard. But they were wise to the device and kept mum. Then the time-honored expedient of locking a police stool pigeon as a "casual drunk" in with the prisoners was tried and failed. Even the sudden explosion of a pistol immediately behind the men proved only the wonderful self-command of the fakers.

But, sad to tell, when cones of ether were prepared and applied, both "Eddy" and "Blacky" "caved" at the first whiff of the anaesthetic. Doubtless they satisfactorily explained this lapse from caste ethics, in the back room of "Chi Tom Lee's" or "Brov. Slim's," but the fact remains that they did not justify the tradition of their craft.

to "stand the gaff" though it leads to a "tapping," which means hanging.

The profitable impersonation of the deaf-mute is no longer confined to the male sex. Many "dummies" are breaking away from tramp tradition, which deprecated the "muslin" or "high heel" as a nuisance or worse, and have taken up the various "ladies" of none too good reputation and instructed them in the "dummy" racket. Such ladies are equipped with "dockets," setting forth that "this" young widow, being afflicted, etc., is attempting "to secure funds for the support and education of her children," and to that end "sells these cards and poetry." The cards usually bear on the reverse side such doggerel as:—

"To work I went one morning,
And I was blithe and gay," etc.

AIDED BY A "HIGH HEEL."

Two really famous operators in this line are Henry Aumann, known on the road as "Harry Davis," and his partner, "Milwaukee Rose." In this case Davis alone plays the "dummy" racket, "Rose" being a "high heel," who carries a crutch and wears on her left foot an orthopedic shoe to correct an apparent shortness of limb. It is from the use of such a shoe that the term "high heel" comes. The effect of the appliance is apparently to throw out the left hip, and when a crutch is used to give verisimilitude the effect is quite striking, particularly when the operator is an artist "whose soul is in her work." This we may concede to "Rose," probably the best money getter in this line, and much sought by male "dummies."

Davis and Rose when arrested in Altoona had in their possession a book of operations in the various towns between Pittsburg and Altoona, which showed an average for three or four weeks of \$170 a week. The money had been sent to a certain address in Milwaukee for the evident purpose of starting a sporting saloon—the highest ambition of the mendicant.

In the Middle West and Southwest the "dummy" and "high heel" find business most profitable. In these sections the interurban electric roads, running large, heavy cars for long hauls, are peculiarly effective for begging purposes and for getting cheaply and quickly from one money making centre to another. Arrived at the county seat or other prosperous community, the railroad car ceases for the moment to be the scene of operations, and the "mainstem"—main street—of the city is "plunged" by the "dummy" or by the "high heel" or both. The "plunging" is done in stores, banks, etc. This class of mendicant never indulges in "raw plunges" or "straight plunging"—viz., street begging.

I have been assured by many mendicants and "yeggs" who are in a position to know the truth and have no reason to lie, that this form of imposture is the last word in the art of American mendicancy, as known to this generation.

It is fair to assume that a large number of "dummies" and "high heels" are operating with practical immunity from any more serious consequence than a reprimand of the magistrate or an occasional "ditching" (throwing out) of the male operator by the train crew or the cautioning of the "high heel." Remember, the "dummy" and "high heel," as paid passengers on cars, hold, and well they know it, a much stronger moral, or at least legal, position than that of the tramp who steals transportation.

NEXT week, in the city of Rochester, N. Y., the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes will assemble in convention. The sessions begin on August 10th. There are several important matters for consideration and action, and the public-spirited deaf who live within easy reach of Rochester should not fail to be on hand and take a hand in the proceedings. Get ready for a trip to Rochester and a stay of at least three days. You will learn much and besides have a splendid and enjoyable time at the outing that is being engineered by the Local Committee.

Don't envy the rich, they don't envy you.

JOYOUS NEWS

To the Members of the N. A. D.:

—At last after eleven months of delays and after a dozen gentle prodings from me, our highly honored but procrastinating president requests me to go ahead "and send out post cards" soliciting subscriptions for copies of the official proceedings of the Colorado Convention (yet to be printed), at 50 cents per copy to members and 75 cents to non-members. For one thing I am sorry—that there has been too much delay. Had the order been given when the Colorado trip was still fresh in the memory of those who attended,—"when the iron was hot," so to speak—the request for copies would have been doubled.

And now I am worried about the legality of the order, for the matter was not voted upon by the Executive Committee, but "taken for granted," an inherent fault our president found in the previous administration, reminding us that under him everything should be in black and white, lest Mr. Howard, being a stickler for legal procedure, could easily tie us up if he wanted to. Having been through one "fire" caused by a blunder (?) of his predecessor, I have no desire to get burnt in another. Will Chief Howard, our attorney-general and legal adviser, assure me the order is within the pale of the law? I'd like to see him start the ball rolling with a dozen copies. If he does, I'll promise to write something nice about him in the book, and put him in the role of the hero instead of the "heavy villain."

Gentlemen and ladies, send in your pledges now. Be early and avoid the rush. The edition de luxe will be limited.

* * *

Our honored president delights in taking another whack at me. Fortunately my hide (or fat) is of rhinoceros thickness and very little damage done. In an Executive Committee circular he pays his respects to Editor Hodgson, and incidentally to me. It riled him when the saintly editor twice returned his copy with instructions to put it in the pot and parboil down. Quoting Mr. Hanson: "Mr. Regensburg sent in so many motions at one time that it took four columns in the JOURNAL. [Beg pardon, two since two years R.] . . . Mr. Hodgson saying that he cannot give so much space to the N. A. D. as he has been doing, and intimates that about one column a week is all he can give. Considering that he allows 'Parliamentarian' three columns for kicking, his attitude towards us seems small."

Since the President insists that all Executive correspondence comes under his famous "rules for members," I am committing no breach of confidence in publishing this. I rejoice over my "many motions" being the only things that kept him and his administration from falling into a long Rip Van Winkle sleep, and the Association in innocuous desuetude. I am a stupid man, but it does not take much to see Mr. Hodgson is right. He is not interested in the ordinary routine correspondence with every Tom, Dick and Harry, and declines to turn the JOURNAL into a record book for the convenience of the President. Instead of sifting the wheat from the chaff, our President sends in, as one writer remarked, "rotten stuff that gives us all a pain in the stomach."

Did you ever see any "official organ" publishing every letter the President may write in answer to real estate advertisements, promotion deals, etc.? Anyone with a grain of sense must see that Mr. Hodgson's returning all his stuff because "too long" is merely a polite way of telling him it is mere tommyrot. If it were of real importance and of real interest to the readers of the JOURNAL, you can bet your bottom dollar Mr. Hodgson would print every line, even if it took up a whole page from week to week. Had I sent Mr. Hodgson all my Moving Picture correspondence, which, by the way, I believe to be of greater interest than the other, he would be running after me with an axe.

Had Mr. Hanson carried out the spirit and letter of my motion inviting members to use the official column placed at our disposal, instead of using it to exploit himself telling us how busy he is and in need of a salary and stenographer, we could do more work in less than one-tenth the time.

I insist that there shall be a general reformation along these lines, and right now, too, and ask that every member who believes in honest and efficient work insist upon this too.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA,
July 14, 1911.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.

Services at Eutaw Street M. E. Church, every Sunday at 3:30 P. M.

Sunday School, at 2:30 P. M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room. (Except during July and August.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

BALTIMORE.

The Methodist Mission Sunday School held its annual outing in Druid Hill Park, Saturday evening, July 8th. Notwithstanding the threatening weather, a very good crowd was present and they enjoyed themselves to their fullest extent. Four gallons of ice cream and a large supply of cakes were used up. Rev. J. A. Brandlick looked after the comfort and welfare of the picnicers, being assisted by a committee composed of Miss Frances Wood, Mrs. Frances Hotzler, Mrs. Kate Kampe and Messrs. Orlando Price and Stephen Sandbeck.

The Baptist Mission recently started by Rev. Mr. Michaels at First Baptist Church is in very good condition, and the regular Sunday attendances are increasing each week. It held its first outing at Fairview last June, and a good many went. Mr. A. E. Feast, the leader, is a hustler, and is meeting with encouragement in his work.

Rev. J. A. Brandlick is at present spending the summer in Caroline County, and expects to return by the latter part of August. His son and Mr. Fred Smith are at Rehoboth.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, pastor of the Methodist Mission, has discarded the use of crutches, and now walks with the aid of a cane. He has been traveling through Western Maryland and part of Pennsylvania since July 5th, but expects to return in time to attend the annual reunion at Druid Hill Park, Wednesday, August 2d.

Mr. Louis Halle, formerly of Harrisburg, Pa., is now a full-fledged resident of Easton, Md., whither he moved last month. He has rented a room from Mr. Herman Thom of that town.

Rev. D. E. Moylan is fast gaining fame as the marrying deaf-mute parson, of Baltimore. A Mr. Wall, of Philadelphia, and Miss Sperry, of Frederica, Del., slipped to this city recently and were married by Rev. Mr. Moylan, at the home of Mr. W. Giles' sister.

The Baltimore Society of the Deaf, with W. McElroy, will hold a business meeting Wednesday night, August 8th.

Mr. W. H. Giles is planning a visit to his relatives near Ocean City in the near future.

A good many of us favor Atlanta, Ga., as the place of the next meeting place of the N. A. D. The many splendid inducements offered by the Atlanta deaf should not be overlooked. We hope the Executive Committee will act at once and select Atlanta.

Miss Beekie Newman is spending the summer at Atlantic City.

Baltimore will be well represented at the picnic of the Western deaf-mutes at Braddock Heights, Md., on August 12th.

HIRAM.

NEW JERSEY.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Herbst returned from their honeymoon trip at Belmar, N. J., and Asbury Park and Ocean Grove, and are now living at Bayonne, N. J. Miss Herbst was Miss Jennie Ringhardt, a semi-mute from St. Joseph's, Brooklyn. She was well-known in the down-town section of South Brooklyn, and very popular among the deaf of New York and New Jersey. Mr. Harry Herbst is a graduate of the New Jersey school at Trenton, and is a well-known basketball player. The newly-weds are now camping down at South Beach with Mr. and Mrs. Aaron, of Newark, until the latter part of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kohler, of Bayonne, N. J., are keeping quite a number of chickens now. We bet they will be able to run a big farm, some day, as Max Kohler is seen in his back yard with baskets of eggs, corn, tomatoes, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rielly, of Jersey City were visiting in Staten Island last week.

Diocese of Connecticut.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Minister in charge.

SUMMER 1911.

Hartford—Christ's Church, First and Third Sundays, 3:30 P. M.

Waterbury—St. John's Church, First and Third Sundays, 7:30 P. M.

Bridgeport—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 2:30 P. M., and Fourth Sunday, 7:30 P. M.

New Haven—St. Paul's Church, Second Sunday, 5:00 P. M., and Fourth Sunday 2:30 P. M.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Fifth Sunday, 2:30 P. M., St. Stevens' Church.

Springfield, Mass.—Fifth Sunday at 10:30 A. M., Christ Church.

During August services discontinued. Address of pastor, Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Politics and horse trading are child's play compared to picking a wife.

It is harder for a man to remember he is married five years after the ceremony than five days after.

In 1467 a lawyer's fee was less than a dollar, with four-pence thrown in for a dinner.

Nothing to Sell.

The man with Something to Sell, either skill, ability, or loyalty, reaches the upper air. The man with "Nothing to Sell" finds the dead level of failure.

There are two kinds of men in the world—those that do things, and those that don't. And simply because it is harder to do than not to do, because it is harder to go against the tide than to drift idly with it, the class that does nothing is larger than the class that does something. The hardest thing to find to-day, the world over, is a man or boy really able to accomplish results. The men we are all looking for are the very men that do not want positions. Those doing the work in hand well, and at the same time preparing for a better place when it comes along, are the men that jobs seek. What is known as the law of supply and demand is applicable to persons as to things. If the South grows more cotton or the North and West more grain than the world's requirements call for in a year, it is certain that these staples will yield low prices to the producers. On the other hand, continued demand and small crops mean high prices. So it is in the market for men. The multitude, inert, indifferent and without aspiration for higher endeavors, is paid poorly; the ambitious, enterprising and achieving minority is well paid. The law of supply and demand fixes the wages of each. It is a natural law and works automatically. No court is required to give it interpretation nor to enforce its decree.

The man that by hard knocks acquires the necessary mental attainments to improve his condition in life must have loyalty to his employer and his work—or he is likely to fall just at the time when success is within his grasp. He must have in the warp and woof of his life that quality that prompts a person to be true to his ideals and true to the thing he undertakes to do. If he has this in addition to a well-trained and well balanced head on his shoulders, he stands a splendid chance to win.

But if he is constitutionally careless, slipshod in his methods, indifferent in his work, Nature assumes that he wishes to be a nobody and grants his prayer. No man ever succeeded that did not have the grit to expend the necessary amount of time and energy in preparing for an opportunity when it came. And by "preparing for an opportunity," I mean training himself beforehand to do the work the opportunity required.

A friend of mine that employs hundreds of men and boys, has a card hanging over the desk of each, from which I quote the following extracts: "Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long. Give me more than I expect, and I will pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits. If it does concern me what you do at night; for if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hope. Don't resent correction. If you are worth while keeping, you're worth while correcting. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples."

A young man that reads these sayings and does not see clearly the lessons they bring directly home to him will never reach higher than the dull level of mediocrity.

If you have ambition, if you determine to improve your condition, if you undergo sacrifices of time and money, remember that the greatest asset you can have with it all is firmness of character and politeness of manner. And, on this subject of politeness as an asset to a young man in his effort to get on in the world, a volume of sermons could not bring the story home so direct and forceful a way as does Walt Mason in his poem, "Politeness."

In my youth I knew an aleck who was most exceeding smart,
And his dippity way of talking often broke the hearer's heart,
He was working for a grocer in a little corner store,
Taking down the wooden shutters, sweeping up the greasy floor;
And he always answered pertly, and he had a sneaky eye,
And people often asked him if he wouldn't kindly die.

Oh, the festive years skedaddled; and the children of that day
Now are bent beneath life's burdens, and their hair is turning gray;
And the flippant one is toiling at the same old corner store,
Taking down the ancient shutters, sweeping up the greasy floor.

In that same old sleepy village lived a young boy so polite
That to hear him answer questions was a genuine delight;
He was working in a foundry where they dealt in eggs and cheese,
And the work was hard and tiresome, but he saw 'ys tried to please.
And to-day he's boss of thousands, and his salary's sky-high,
And his manner's just as pleasant as it was in days gone by.

It's an idle trifling story, and you doubtless think it flat,
But it's moral might be pasted with some profit in your hat.

Believe that you will win because you want to, and because you feel you are worthy. Believe in yourself and fear nothing—except your own inertia, your own lack of ambition. Love your work

and try to do it a little better than the other fellow. Be practicable, be sensible, be earnest and loyal—and, most important of all, keep yourself prepared for better things.—*Ambition.*

THE STARS ON THE FLAG.

The days of the territorial existence of New Mexico and Arizona are limited. The bill admitting both to the Union as States was passed by the last Congress and two more white stars will be put on the flag. Each State must have its constitution and these must be approved by Congress and the President, but each will be a full-fledged State, to be reckoned with in the election returns in 1911. Once more the stars of the flag will be regularly arranged, the six rows containing eight each.

Alaska and Hawaii are our remaining territories, not counting the District of Columbia, but we have such outlying possessions as Porto Rico, Guam, Tutulia, and the Philippines, where provisional government has been established and American citizenship is in the process of manufacture. The Isthmus Canal Zone, too, is a National possession which will develop problems of its own in the future. The Union may in time comprise many more stars but the present number of stripes will suffice for the flag.

States have developed and been admitted rapidly since Vermont in 1791. The longest interval was between Colorado, 1871, and the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington in 1889. The States since admitted having been Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona. A much longer period than thirteen years will acquire a star in the flag.—*Ex.*

Athletics for School-Children.

Over a score of cities have started organizations similar in scope to the Public Schools Athletic League of New York, and it seems certain that before long the movement will spread over the entire country. Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick, one of the Founders of the League, describes its methods in an inspiring article in the August *Lippincott's*.

"While it is true that most cities need larger areas for play—the endeavor to produce them should not be slackened—the greater need is to discover what it is possible to do in the free spaces that are available and under the conditions that exist," says Dr. Gulick. "The successful way in which classrooms, basements, roofs, and the street are utilized in the badge and class athletics that have been described demonstrates that the solution of the athletic problem is not so wholly dependent upon the possession of large playgrounds or extensive athletic fields as has usually been supposed. We all recognize that a school building is not a school. Neither does a playground equipped with apparatus mean that the children of the neighborhood are having all the play they need. In both cases, there must be an adult organization, a body of experts who will not only administer the funds, but give thought and labor to devising the best way of making use of given educational and recreational opportunities, and make sure that they are enjoyed by the greatest possible number.

"It is mainly as a demonstration of the importance of organization in athletics that the work of the Public Schools Athletic League of New York is significant. In a city where, more than any other in America, formidable space obstacles oppose the enjoyment of games and sports, the League has been able to develop, with comparatively slight expense, abundant athletic opportunities for the whole school population.

"The value of organized athletics does not consist alone in the physical development which they promote; even the conventional, championship sports, in their stimulation of school loyalty, exercise an influence upon the whole pupil body that is more worth while than the benefits obtained by those who actually enter the competitions. In an institution where the athletic spirit is strong, school spirit is strong, and school work is likely to be of a high quality. In the badge test and class athletics the League has devised an outlet for the primal instinct feelings of vast numbers of boys and girls in ways that are feasible under urban conditions. By imposing carefully considered scholastic requirements, it has eliminated the prestige of the semi-truant and developed higher moral standards among school children generally.

Well Supplied

A young woman of Baltimore who recently entered upon the happy state knows so little about housekeeping that she shudders lest the butcher and baker and the rest of the tradesmen discover her ignorance. She orders only articles with which she has some acquaintance, and ends her business interviews as quickly as possible.

On one occasion this young wife was feeling rather puffed up by reason of some newly acquired knowledge of things domestic,

when the ashman came through the street, uttering his usual cry:

"Ash-ees! Ash-ees!"

As the man neared her window she grew more and more perplexed. "What on earth is he saying?" she asked herself. At last he appeared at the back door, and there she confronted him.

"Ash-ees?" came in a husky guttural.

For a moment she looked at him hesitatingly. Then, drawing herself up with great dignity, she replied:

"No, I do not care for any today."—*August Lippincott's.*

Cotton.

Cotton grows in the south. It can not grow in a cold climate. A man who raises cotton, is a planter. In the spring, he plows the grounds and sows the seeds in long rows. He does not sow the seeds until the frost is all gone. He covers the seeds with dirt. The rain falls on the ground, and sunshine warms the seeds. After awhile little plants come from them. The plants grow all summer. They are usually three or four feet tall. They have pretty pink and white blossoms on them. The blossoms fall off and green pods begin to grow. The pods are called bolls. The bolls grow until they are about as large as a hen's egg.

In the fall, the leaves and bolls turn brown. The bolls burst open and the soft, white cotton comes and hangs from them. The cotton fields are pretty.

On the large plantations, negro men, women and children pick the cotton. They carry large sacks. When they are full they are emptied into large baskets. At night the cottonpickers carry their baskets to sheds. The planter weighs the cotton. He sends the cotton to a gin. The cotton is pressed into large bales. It is sent to a factory where it is cleaned and made into thread and cloth.

The seeds are sent to an oil mill. They are crushed by heavy machinery. The hulls are separated from the yellow meal. The meal is cooked, then pressed. Oil comes from the meal.

The oil is used in making lard, soap and other things. The hulls and meals are fed to cattle. Sometimes the meal is used to fertilize land.

Do you know of any plant that is more useful than cotton?—*The Arkansas Optic.*

Moving Pictures.

The moving pictures now so much in vogue, which are a source of delight to both old and young, are not moving pictures, at all. They only seem to move. They are, in fact, a sort of optical delusion and illusion, based upon the law of optics, that the eye retains the scene for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed.

Moving pictures are a series of pictures, taken in rapid succession, of an object in different positions. These are then reproduced upon the screen so rapidly that a new picture is presented before the eye has lost the image of the preceding one, with the result that the objects in the picture seem to be moving.

What brought about the invention that resulted in the present perfected moving pictures is thus described by the *Chicago Tribune*.

In 1826 Sir John Herschel asked his friend, Charles Babbage, how he would show both sides of a shilling at once. Babbage replied by taking a shilling from his pocket and holding it before a mirror.

This did not satisfy Sir John, who set the shilling spinning on a large table, at the same time pointing out that if the eye is placed on a level with a rotating coin both sides can be seen at once.

Babbage was so struck by the experiment that the next day he described it to a friend, Dr. Filton, who immediately made a working model.

On one side of a disk was drawn a bird, on the other side an empty bird cage. When the card was revolved on a silk thread, the bird appeared to be in the cage. This model showed the persistence of vision upon which all moving pictures depend for their effect.

The eye retains the image of the object seen for a fraction of a second after the object has been removed.

This model was called the thaumatope.

Next came the zoetrope, or "wheel of life." A cylinder was perforated with a series of slots, and within the cylinder was placed a band of drawings of dancing men. On the apparatus being slowly rotated, the figures seen through the slots appeared to be in motion.

The first systematic photographs of men and animals taken at regular intervals were made by Edward Maybridge in 1879.—*Selected.*

South American theatres all have galleries, to which ladies only are admitted.

Nickel and bismuth both have the peculiar property of expanding as they cool.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Brooklyn Guild held a picnic at Forest Park, L. I., on Saturday afternoon and evening.

The number who attended did not reach expectations, as there were less than seventy-five present. Probably the location of the park was in some degree responsible for the meagre turn out. Few of the deaf are familiar with that section, and the change of cars from elevated to surface trolley is distasteful to the ordinary individual.

However, a good time was had by all. Mr. Henry L. Juhring, as chairman, was faithful to his duties, and the three Berg brothers were the life of the affair, while John Wilkinson's tireless arms were kept in action describing circles, rhomboids and parabolas in the conversational line. So much for the committee.

The first game of the afternoon was throwing a ball into an ice-cream can—or rather, attempting to do so. One after another all of the ladies and gentlemen failed in the feat. Then the distance was shortened and only Mrs. Paul Berg succeeded. The game ended with Fred Stover bouncing the ball over the fence.

Throwing at a target followed. All of the ladies were wild—I mean, threw wildly. But Morris Marks, erstwhile of Hartford, hit the bulls-eye.

Hopping with a potato poised in the bowl of a teaspoon, by ladies, was supposed to be a race. But the race is not always with the swift. The potatoes were spilled every time until patient and careful Lizzie Anderson reached the goal a winner.

Changing the hop to a run, in a similar contest, was a victory for Lizzie Maclaire.

Artist Alexander posed the assemblage in a group and made a couple of snapshots with his camera.

Then the more youthful boys and girls engaged in a game of tag around and over the park tables and benches. When the fun was at its height, one of the young ladies twisted her ankle and the game came to a sudden close.

Other pleasures of the picnic variety kept the crowd from being lonesome until early in the evening, when all dispersed for the homeward bound trolleys.

The proceeds of the picnic will be donated to the Parish House Fund of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes.

The boys and girls of the Xavier Deaf-Mute Club, and lots of others from the allied organizations under the Xavier banner, of this city, Brooklyn and New Jersey, of which Rev. Mr. McCarthy, S. J., is director, and including the reverend gentleman, himself, gambled over the greensward, tested the waters of the bay, or otherwise had a merry time all day, July 30th, at Pelham Bay Park.

An ideal day favored the disporters of the Cherry X emblem and their friends. A grand day for sky-men as well as landmen and seamen. The rather cumbersome trip by trolley to and from the park was forgotten in the placid and pleasing happenings of the outing.

And there were others, the Surds, the Union League, the Clark House contingent, the Alphabet Club and the Brooklyn Frats, with many in the class of unattached, were represented.

Chairman Johnny O'Donnell and his committee, Hugo Schmidt, Richard Birmingham, Joseph O'Donnell and Joseph Mattes, were on hand early, and made things go with a hum that was flattering to their abilities.

The morning arrivals fared well, in that about 11 A.M. high tide prevailed, and the enjoyment of a swim in the cooling waters of Pelham Bay added zest to appetites and made the good things from home taste all the better as they were eaten under the trees surrounding the park.

Manager Hugo Schmidt, of the Club's track team, fixed up an attractive programme of track and field events, with silver Xavier A. medals to first, bronze to second and third. The winners of the events for ladies were also suitably rewarded. The following is the summary:

100 Yards Dash—Gabriel, Alphabet A. C., made the going from the pistol shot, winning by inches from Ekardt, an unattached athlete. McNally, of the Xaviers, was a good third.

440 Yards Run—Varonne and Gabriel kept company until entering the backstretch, when the Xavier man let out a few kinks, winning by a yard. Gabriel, who is surely coming to the front, was second, with McNally third.

Two Mile Run—Oland, the speedy distance of the Alphabets, doubled up with Varonne over the eight lap course. On the home-stretch Varonne let out on a great sprint, duplicating his trick in the

recent Clark House three mile run, and won by yards. Oland showed improved form in the final challenge. And although running without one shoe, which slipped off his foot, was second, with Pons, the Xavier warhorse, third. The race between the two former, and probably Fischer, of the Clark House, at the Surds meet Saturday, will be worth going miles to see.

Fat Men's Race—Hugo Schmidt, of the Xaviers disposed of three or four pounds, in winning from J. Blake, with Joe Mattes third.

Throwing Baseball—Miss Howes lined the sphere out the farthest, with Misses Angatukey and Lonsdale second and third.

Potato Race—Won by Miss Angatukey. Miss Caroni second.

Next Saturday, August 5th, occurs the annual Outing and Games of the League of Elect Surds, at Ulmer Park. The baseball game, which is between the two best deaf-mute uniformed teams in the city, and is for the championship, is to commence at 2:30 sharp, both teams have kept in training, so there will be a hot fight to win the Silver Loving Cup that will be presented by the League of Elect Surds to the lucky team, or rather the best team that wins the game.

Next in order will be the track events: One hundred yards dash, half mile, one mile, two miles and 320 yards dash. Silver and bronze medals will be awarded to first and second in each event.

The most interesting contest will perhaps be the one mile relay race, of which several clubs expect to enter teams. A fine silver loving cup will go to the winning team.

For ladies there will be several games and handsome prizes will be given to first and second in each event.

The 100 yards dash for fat men, 200 pounds or over, promises to be interesting too, and nice prizes will be given to first and second.

As the ball game is to commence right away at 2:30, those who come early will be able to witness a full nine innings game. The teams—Fanwood and Xavier Deaf Mute Clubs—have a good following, and it is expected that they will all turn out to root for their favorites. The game itself is worth the price of admission, but the other athletic games to follow will surely repay any body a journey to Ulmer Park, on Saturday, August 5th.

The events, as announced from the beginning, are for deaf-mutes only.

Both silver loving cups were made by the firm of Reed & Barton Co., the oldest established silversmiths in the United States, which is a guarantee that the goods are the best of the kind that money can purchase.

The medals come from Popper, the celebrated manufacturer of club pins and medals, who have made almost all the medals and club pins for the deaf organizations hereabouts.

Come early and enjoy every thing.

In the evening there will be fine dancing, which will be directed by an experienced floor manager, and the music by Hilgeman will be excellent; so bring your hearing friends, for they will enjoy the outing as much as you will.

The mother of Joseph Knopp, a prominent member of the Xavier Club years ago, died suddenly at her home in Brooklyn, July 13th. The deceased was a most lovable woman, devoted mother, and ever mindful of the welfare of the deaf friends of her son. Mr. Knopp is back in Manhattan as a resident.

Rev. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, preached a fine sermon at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes last Sunday afternoon. His coming had not been heralded, so the congregation was one of the smallest of the midsummer season. Mr. Cloud remained in New York for a few days.

During the month of August services will be held at St. Ann's Church at 10:30 A.M. There will be no afternoon services. On Sunday, August 6th, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion, Rev. Mr. Keiser officiating.

Miss Elizabeth Hodder has returned to her home in Johnstown, N. Y., after spending five weeks with her sister, Mrs. E. I. Fairchild, at the latter's summer residence, "The Hemlocks," on West Caroga Lake, Fulton Co., N. Y.

In announcing ball game between the Xavier Deaf-Mutes and the Brooklyn Chemical Co. employees at Outing of the Brooklyn Frats, a slight mistake was made. Game is to be between the Alphabet Club and Chemicals, not the Xaviers.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lonsbury were at Forest Park last Saturday with some hearing friends. They promised to be at Ulmer Park on August 5th, when Mrs. Lonsbury hopes to meet many of her old time schoolmates.

Mrs. Louis A. Cohen and child Mildred are summering again in Arverne-by-the-Sea, L. I. Louis A. is patronizing that swell "food factory," Codington, after that he

knows where to go to ease the while away.

Mrs. John H. Keiser and her child Ruth, accompanied by Miss Anna Bonoff, went to Manomet, Mass., and Miss Bonoff returned home after her two weeks' vacation last Saturday.

Robert Eldridge, of Amsterdam, N. Y., came down on his motorcycle. He is touring New England States. Operator on a linotype, but slack for three months.

Miss Hattie Goldfogle, daughter, of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Goldfogle has returned from Sullivan County, N. Y., where she had been for two weeks. She is looking very fine.

Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain is at North Craftsbury, Vt., for his annual vacation. He is suffering from whooping cough, but says he is enjoying life in spite of it.

Mrs. A. Neiser is now living permanently with her niece in Gloversville, N. Y.

Marcus failed to be a Fire Hero.

Breakfast was just over at the sleepy little town of Jeffersonville, last Tuesday morning. Some were leisurely occupied with their tooth picks, others industriously peering over their morning's mail or scanning the city papers, when suddenly the village bells pealed forth their sonorous alarm of a fire in a little out of the way house. Then all was hubbub. Old and young, in mighty effort, vied with each other in a free for all sprinting match to the scene of the conflagration. And trailing along at express speed came a dinky red painted fire wagon, known to local fame as the "Eureka Fire Hose Company," the locomotion of which was furnished by half a dozen huskies laboriously pushing same forward, outdistanced by volunteer auto bucket brigadiers and eighty-year-old jays.

We, too, of course, joined the parade, as I was particularly anxious to become a hero, being informed by little three years old son, Donald, that there was a "woofol pig fire up there," and, in corroboration, showed us the size of same with his arms outstretched.

But before I could qualify for honors, the show was over, the actors had retired, and proudly marching down Main Street, this time attached to a dilapidated milk truck, strutted the "Eureka Fire Hose Company," atop of their machine, with their chests thrown out and caps tilted at a vicious angle and puffing big black cigars pointed northwest—a picture of animated glory, triumphant.

To be sure, this is not much to you, gentle reader, and I might perhaps be guilty of needlessly spilling precious ink, but here, where every little thing counts, such incidents are spice to jaded palates, and it is only fair to give due publicity to the glory of the "Eureka Fire Hose Company," of Jeffersonville, and thus permit its illustrious fame to go ringing down the corridors of Time. Eh, vot?

MARCUS L. KENNER.

July 25, 1911.

A CARD OF THANKS.

Except for a few minor returns not in, the collection work for the Moving Picture Fund is now practically closed. After deducting all expenses, I hope to turn over, something like \$5,000 net.

To the thousands and thousands of contributors for their generous subscriptions, to the State Treasurers for their efficient work, to my colleagues on the Moving Picture Committee for their hearty support, to the press for the wide publicity given the project, to former President Veditz for the several prizes he donated and for the helpful counsel and advice gained from his wisdom and years of experience, and last, but not least, to Editor Hodgson, for his co-operation as Treasurer of the Roll of Honor Column, and for the free and unstinted use of the columns of the JOURNAL, without which we never would have succeeded. I find myself indebted for the successful termination of our work. Were it possible I would write each a personal letter of thanks, but as before, I must avail myself of the courtesies of the JOURNAL—that reliable stand-by—to reach them all.

OSCAR H. REGENSBURG.

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.,

July 25, 1911.

Evangelical Alliance Services for the Deaf.

(Interdenominational.)

BOSTON.

Services every Sunday, at 10:45 A.M. First United Presbyterian Church, Cor. W. Brookline St. and Warren Ave. Boston (Roxbury Crossing), or Columbus Ave. cars from Subway, or Dudley St. Elevated, to Brookline St.)

SALEM.

Services at First Baptist Church, Salem, Mass. Second, Third, and Fourth Sundays, each month, excepting July and August, 2:15 P.M.

NEW ENGLAND CITIES.

Services in Worcester, Nashua, Providence and other New England cities, by appointments.

E. CLAYTON WYAND, Evangelical Alliance Minister in charge.

Residence: Winchester St., Boston.

To these services all are welcome.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 928 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

July 29, 1911.—The other day a certain deaf man who does not want his name mentioned bled himself over to Lake Side, where he had been pointed out a patch that was teeming with blackberries. Reaching the place he found the bushes overloaded with big black luscious fruit, and no one else to disturb him. Visions of jam and jelly in the winter days came before him and made him pick the faster. About noon one of his basket holding twenty-four quarts, besides a pail containing nearly a gallon showed the results of his work. The cravings of thirst were also strong and no house nearer than a mile, so he spied out a wild rose thicket and taking precautions that no one was near his basket in the bushes and went off to satisfy the burnings and dryness of his throat. On his return some time later, judge of his surprise and dejected feelings when he found some one had mysteriously gone off with basket and berries, and thus all of his work had been in vain. And what would his wife say when he reached home in the evening minus his basket and the berries. He hated to meet the ordeal, so he contrived to get another basket and picked enough berries to partially compensate for the loss of the others. Reaching the station he searched for his basket among other pickers there, but without success. Our impression is that the owner of the patch spied the trespasser and intended when the intruder was leaving the place to demand his share, but was relieved of such proceedings by confiscating the baskets and contents when their owner was away.

Shortly after the close of school the oven in the bakery, which has done service for many years, was torn out and has been replaced with one of modern date at a cost of about three thousand dollars. It was completed this week and is of the rotary pattern. The shoe shop, tailor shop and printing office have had their walls repainted.

Mrs. Joseph Leib left Wednesday morning for her parents, home near Kenton to join in the birthday anniversary of her father, a custom she has not missed for many years. She will be absent a week, and meanwhile her liege lord will have to cook his own meals.

Miss Josephine Leib, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Leib, has been appointed assistant principal of the New Holland High School district in Pickawillany County. She graduated from O. S. U. last June and has attended the Summer school there just closed. At present she is supervising a playground association.

Mrs. A. H. Schory left at midnight this morning for East Liverpool, being called there by the serious sickness of her youngest sister.

Mrs. J. B. Showalter has been confined in Mt. Carmel Hospital for a week or more, being treated for a complaint that has lamed her for a number of years. It is hoped the treatment will prove beneficial.

City boys have been deprived the privilege of using the playground for ball playing. Superintendent Jones allowed them to play there after the pupils had left for their homes, but they abused the privilege by committing nuisances about the place and smashing light globes as well as being rather boisterous in their talk.

Miss Sadie Young, teacher at Colorado Springs, Col., came to Columbus after the Delavan Convention, and is visiting with relatives here for a few weeks.

Mr. C. W. Charles, foreman of the Chronicle printing office, left the first of this week to join his wife and children, who are spending the vacation with the former's parents in Flint, Michigan.

The Canton-Akron picnic was held on Tuesday, July 4th, at Springfield Lake Park, and the day was pleasantly spent by all those who attended. There were no contests of any kind, and two games were played. Nevertheless the deaf were treated to just an old fashioned picnic. The usual picnic lunch was served at noon hour and supper time.

About fifteen deaf men had an outing at Silver Lake Park near Akron, July 4th. All had an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fulwider and Miss Cissy Darcy, of Mansfield were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lemen Gibson, July 1st till the 4th.

A. B. G.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

August 6th, Holy Communion.

AUGUST 13TH.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Other appointments discontinued until further notice.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Mississippi Association of the Deaf will meet at the School for the Deaf, Jackson, Miss., August 16th, 17th, and 18th. An interesting program has been prepared, printed in the *Mississippi Voice*, and mailed to every Mississippi alumnus, alumna and ex-pupil.

Wednesday, August 16th, will be the assembling day. In the evening, at 7:30 o'clock, the Convention will be called to order in the magnificent new school chapel, a reception following the appointment of Committees on Enrollment and Resolutions. Then there are to be three sessions on August 17th—9 A.M., 2:30 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. Among the important topics for discussion will be the N. A. D. and Federation, The Tendency to Pure Oralism, The Moving Picture Fund, A Compulsory Education Law for Mississippi Deaf, The Industrial Status of the Deaf, and numerous others. The evening session is to be devoted to a moving-picture entertainment.

Friday morning, August 18th, there will be an election of the officers and report of the Committee on Resolutions rendered. In the afternoon, picnic will reign supreme, ending the Reunion.

Among the prominent Mississippi deaf to be present at the convention and take part in the program are Percy Jones, Robt. Hazlett, Shelby W. Harris, R. Omer Majure, Hugo Matzner, Eugene Jones, E. M. Rowse, E. C. Smoak, D. A. Cameron, and others.

The present officers of the M. A. D. are: President, T. B. Ries, Vicksburg; Vice President, Miss Belle Hoover, Jackson; Recording Secretary, E. P. Jones, Memphis, (Tenn.); Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. S. Deem, Jackson; Treasurer, Lacey Woods, Port Gibson. Those intending to attend the reunion should notify Chairman D. A. Cameron or Secretary E. C. Smoak of the Local Committee, School for the Deaf, Jackson, Miss., at once so that room and table may be provided for gratis at the magnificent new Institution.

The Local Committee and helpers will be at the Jackson Union Depot to assist the members and visitors on the first day. Those coming early in the day should take good opportunity for visiting the new Capitol, the site of the old Institution, or do anything to kill the time before going to the Institution at four o'clock in the afternoon to register and greet old friends and make new ones. Those not caring to take in the sights or too tired from journey are welcome to come right to the Institution.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

PUEBLO, COLO.

Stung—

All the old unclaimed baggage at the Union depot was auctioned off last week, sight unseen. Many people were stung, while others were made lucky. Among those being stung was your pencil-pusher, who paid \$9.78 for a large trunk that looked as if it might contain part of John D. Rockefeller's fortune, but when he got it home and opened it, lo! it contained a dozen empty Peruna bottles! While in the act of performing the dairy-maid stunt from the under of a doleful cow on the ranch of her mother, Mrs. I. A. Milsogle, a few miles south of Pueblo, Rena, her daughter, with her thoughts centred on the day when she was to become the happy bride of a soldier boy now behind the guns for Uncle Sam, and being unaware that her brother, one of the best broncho busters in this part of the State, was in the same corral endeavoring to lasso a vicious broncho in order to take an early "hitting the breeze." The broncho did not take kindly to the way he was being caught, and decided that he would jump over the fence or break his neck, and in his mad rush to clear the fence did not see the cow from which Rena was busy gathering the delicious beverage, and, without warning, ran in all the strength that a horse in its wild excitement can muster. The cow went over as if shot, and Rena went up in the air and came down as limp as a wet rag. She was soon surrounded by the ranch hands, who tenderly carried her into the house, and upon being examined by a lady neighbor, found she was slightly hurt about the hips from striking the milking stool as she came down from where there is no place to get a hold when you go up. After the excitement died down, her brother went after that broncho, and when he got him—if you, dear readers had seen him "hit the breeze" on that buckner, you would surely whoop with all your might, and most probably some of you girl readers would say: "Oh, I wish I had that Kid for a life partner."

Miss Lillie Medding visited with Mrs. A. J. Lamoreaux Sunday.

Mrs. J. C. Nasoh visited Sunday with Mrs. A. J. Lamoreaux.

Several mute families are camping in the Rye, a fine mountain resort with good fishing, and reports come that they are loath to return, which they must do soon in

order for the male ones to get down to business.

The wives of the Pueblo mutes are most all busy putting up fruit for the winter. A large and delicious variety of plums, cherries, choke-cherries, apples, peaches, etc., are being purchased, and the women declare they have no time to have meals ready for their tired hubbys, so busy are they with the fruit.

Knights of De l'Epee

Boston Council No. 5.

The first annual outing and field day under the management of the Knights of De l'Epee (the National Catholic organization of the deaf), will be held at Revere Beach, Mass., for three days on September 2d, 3d and 4th.

An appropriate program is being arranged by the various committees. On Saturday a lawn fete will be held; on Sunday bathing and social events will be indulged in, and on Monday sports for prizes will be participated in.

The committee guarantees a big and pleasant event to all.

Admission will be 25 cents for the three days. Refreshments, such as tonic, ice cream, fruits, etc., will be for sale.

To reach Revere Beach take ferry at Rowe's wharf, Boston to East Boston, thence Lynn, Revere Beach Railroad to Revere St. Station, and then two minutes' walk brings you to the outing place; or all the way by trolley at Scollay Sq., Boston, to Revere St.

Those who contemplate going should look for a large board, posted bearing the name "Knights of De l'Epee."

The De l'Epee Society Baseball team would like to arrange a baseball game during the outing with any branch of the N. F. S. D. in New England.

The Committee on Arrangements is as follows:

Messrs. Feeleau (Chairman), Griffin, Donohoe, Gaines, Walway, Halley and Cheevers.

For information please communicate with P. J. Thibodeau, 41 Alpine Street, Roxbury, Mass.

P. J. T.

Death and Marriage in the same Family.

In connection with the announcement of the marriage of Fred F. Bastian and Miss Daisy Marie Higley, both of Brattleboro, Vt., came the news of the death of the groom's father, Oliver F. Bastian, aged 59 years, of Brattleboro, Vt., son of Louis H. Bastian, of Lincoln street. The marriage took place at Greenfield last Saturday, July 1st, afternoon. Rev. J. A. White-man, pastor of the Episcopal church in Greenfield, performed the ceremony.

The death of Oliver F. Bastian, father of Fred F. Bastian, occurred Tuesday afternoon at 5 o'clock at his home in Brattleboro, following an illness of about seven weeks with stomach trouble. He was born in this city and was educated in the school for deaf and dumb at Hartford, Conn. Thirty years ago he married Miss Emma Holden, of Brattleboro. They lived in this city for a while before moving to Brattleboro. Mr. Bastian has been employed in the cutting-room at the Estey organ shops for the past 27 years. Besides his father in this city, he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. W. J. Morrow of Lincoln Street, and Mrs. Basil Beaulieu of Dawey Avenue and one brother, Charles Bastian of North Pearl Street; also by four children, Miss Maud E. Bastian, Fred F. Bastian, James H. Bastian and Bert H. Bastian, all of Brattleboro. The funeral was held from the late home to-day with Rev. F. A. Wells, pastor of the Methodist church, officiating. Mrs. Morrow and Miss Love Beaulieu of this city attend the funeral. Miss Beaulieu is a cousin of the dead man.—Pittsfield Eagle.

Southern Dioceses.

REV. O. J. WHILDEN, General Missionary, 1017 Beatty Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.

Baltimore, Md.—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St., Mr. George Schaffer, Lay-Reader. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.

Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Church of the Good Shepherd, 6th and 1st St. N. E. Mr. H. C. Merrill, Lay-Reader. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.

Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Elizabeth's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay-Reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.

Danham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church, Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M., Miss Rollins, Pittsburg, Teacher. Services every Sunday, 8 P.M. Mr. Roms Fortune, Lay-Reader.

Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Bible Class Meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M., Mr. R. L. Chiles, Teacher.

New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Camp and Gaine Streets, Mr. H. L. Tracy, Lay-Reader. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and numerous other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desiring to assist in the work of the Mission.

The valley in which the City of Mexico

is situated is some fifty miles long by forty broad. It is supposed that the basin was formerly filled with sea water and several lakes still cover a part of it. The site is one of extraordinary beauty and impressiveness.

PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Next Sunday, August 6th, the service at All Souls' Church will be held at 10:30 A.M. The Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis, Mo., is expected to be on hand to assist the Rev. Mr. Dantzer at the celebration of the Holy Communion, and he will preach the sermon. There will be no service on this Sunday evening.

On the other Sundays in August there will be an evening service as in July.

If you wish to spend a pleasant and refreshing evening, you should attend the Ice-Cream Social at All Souls' Guild Hall, next Saturday evening, August 5th. It will be given under the auspices of Philadelphia Division, No. 30, N. F. S. D., for the benefit of the Home for the Aged and Infirm Deaf at Doylestown. Admission will be fifteen (15) cents, which includes refreshments. Don't forget it.

The picnic of All Souls' Bible School in Snyder's Woods, at the Oxford Street entrance to Fairmont Park, on July 8th last, presented a social opportunity which many of the local deaf took advantage of. Mrs. Mary H. Rocap surprised her friends by attending the picnic, and Mrs. Washington Houston, who had long been in ill-health, came all the way from Frankford. The following is a list of the picnickers:—

Rev. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. W. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lynch, Mrs. E. Rigg, Mrs. E. Rival, Roland, Mrs. E. Buch, Misses K. Moyer, Sarah and Seima Silnutzer, S. Reider, Mr. and Mrs. F. John, Ida Silnutzer, L. Mitzell, Blanche Buch, Mrs. J. T. Young, Mrs. E. Sievert, Messrs. H. J. Haight, Wm. McKinney, A. Whitely, G. Warrington, W. A. McIntyre, Howard Scribner, F. Greiner, H. Freimel, G. Porter, J. Mohr, G. Heckman, W. Doworth, H. F. Yoder, George A. Jones, Laib Hamburg, Mr. Resnick, of Staunton, Va., R. E. Underwood, Mrs. W. Fries, Mrs. Rocap, Dr. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Partington, Mr. Sanders.

The Misses Dorothy and Margaret Sanders are spending the Summer at Camp Hackmatack, near Farmworth, New Hampshire, and, judging from a letter recently received by their parents, they are having a great time.

Mrs. Martha L. Livingstone writes from Bayonne, N. J., that she was sorry to have to leave Philadelphia so suddenly and without an opportunity to say good-bye to her friends. She is living with a brother now and may not return.

On their wedding tour and while in Ashland (Goatsville), Pa., Mr. and Mrs. James B. Lynch sent the JOURNAL correspondent a souvenir card of the Potts Colliery.

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Young visited friends in Lancaster recently and reported a pleasant time.

Mrs. Elizabeth Riggs is visiting her mother in Elizabeth, N. J., and may remain away all summer.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Menendez, on Friday, July 28th. She has been named Maude Alice, after the father's sister.

John Q. Hahn has left the city, to visit his relatives in Western Pennsylvania. Afterwards he will go to West Virginia and remain with a brother until winter.

Mrs. Gatz is visiting her children in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Miss Kate Moyer visited Mr. and Mrs. John M. Wismer at North Wales on July 9th, and on the following Sunday attended the funeral of an uncle at Pennsburg.

Miss Annie

FANWOOD.

The representatives of Fanwood, smarting from the defeat administered by the Broadway A. C. last Saturday, the 22d, were very anxious to get back at them on Saturday, the 29th, but after the battle sadness reigned in the camp, for we were again the victims of their superior playing.

The Fanwoodites presented a slightly changed batting order, George Gompers playing in the place of H. Cooke at second, and Mosier and Levy, two of the regular team players, having come to the Institution to help on the occasion.

The hitting ability of both teams had greatly improved, and Mosier with three hits and Durand and Dennan with two apiece, led for the Fanwoods.

The game was a well played one until the fatal ninth, when by a poor decision at second, the Broadways had a chance to tie the score, after having trailed us for eight innings, and following a bad case of "rattles," eventually were returned the victors by the score of 8 to 7. The score was no disgrace, for while the Broadway A. C. are a regular organized team, playing regularly, the players whom we were fortunate enough to have represent us, are merely "pick-ups," and do very well under the circumstances.

The baseball is about ended at the school, until the return of the regulars in September next, when we hope to add a few more victories to our already long string.

Everyone should run down to Ulmer Park on Saturday, August 5th, to see the Regular Fanwoods in action, against the strong Deaf-Mute Xaviers.

At a guess, another week will suffice to complete the alterations, which are nearing completion. The boys' shower bath has had the tile floor and walls laid and has been repainted. The red Scotch quarry tile for the lavatory is also nearly all down. In conjunction with the white marble wainscot, the tiles present a beautiful appearance. We expect to see the beginning of the new boys' cap room this week. The floor of the sitting room has been laid and is now receiving a coat of varnish. When finished it will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The chairs and tables have been polished, and revarnished where occasion warrants. These improvements make life in this Institution as luxurious as a hotel existence.

Mr. Nimmo reported for duty as tutor this week, after a month's vacation. Mr. Lounsbury is not yet in evidence. Mr. Durand remains until his return. Cognizant with Mr. F. Nimmo's arrival (he received an enthusiastic reception from the boys) the August vacationers, Messrs. Altenderfer and Edwards, left for a much-needed rest. The same state of coming and going presided on the first of August in the other departments of the Institution.

As Chieftainess of the House-Cleaning Squad, Miss Alice Judge has been a very industrious person to date in manner that puts the little busy bee second class. Under her direction, the school buildings have been subjected to ablutions from cellar to garret.

Mr. Anthony Capelli has finished his vacation and is again slinging type. At the picnic of the League of Elect Surds, to be held this Saturday, he will receive the entrance fees to all of the games.

Morris Marks, of Hartford, who graduated from Fanwood nearly twenty years ago, was a visitor on Tuesday, and was amazed at the changes since his school days.

The accountant, Mr. Miller, after long absence, is now to be seen behind his desk, as methodical and industrious as ever.

Miss Ida Porter left for Philadelphia last Saturday. She has relinquished her position as Matron here.

Mr. D. W. Davies, the chief night watchman, is again at his old post. He spent his vacation up-State.

Rev. James H. Cloud, of St. Louis, accompanied by Rev. J. H. Keiser, visited the school on Tuesday.

Millard Green's mother died on Friday last. Our sympathy is extended to him in his great loss.

Miss Ida Bucher has left for Philadelphia, for an indefinite visit.

Miss Susan Adcock returned from visiting friends recently.

J. H. Q.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis
Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
REV. J. H. CLOUD, Minister 3606 Virginia Avenue.
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesdays, in the Parish House.

PENNSYLVANIA

TWENTY-FIFTH CONVENTION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE DEAF AT HARRISBURG, PA.

30th Anniversary Celebration of the Society.

AUGUST 24, 25 and 26, 1911.

The meeting will be held in the Court Room, Court House Building, Harrisburg, Pa., beginning at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning, August 24th.

Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock.

1. Invocation, Rev. C. O. Dantzer, Pastor of All Souls' Church, Philadelphia.
2. Address of Welcome by Hon. Ezra F. Meals, Mayor of Harrisburg.
3. Response by Rev. B. R. Allabough, of Wilkingsburg, one of the original members of the Society.
4. Addresses by members and others.
5. Annual Address by President James S. Reider.
6. Reports of Officers.
7. Appointment of Committees.
8. Announcements by the Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.
9. Recess.

Thursday afternoon.

A visit to the New Capitol will be arranged for. Further particulars will be made known at the meeting.

Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock.

1. Invocation, Rev. F. C. Smielau, of Williamsport.
2. Introductory Remarks by the President of the Society, J. S. Reider.
3. Oration by Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of Philadelphia.
4. Addresses by prominent persons who may be present.
5. Special Anniversary Offering for the Home at Doylestown.
6. Announcements by the Committee on Arrangements.
7. Adjournment until Friday morning.

Friday morning, August 25th, at 9:30 o'clock.

1. Invocation by Rev. B. R. Allabough.
2. Reports of Committees.
3. Business.
4. Addresses by members and others.
5. Announcements by the Committee on Arrangements.
6. Adjournment sine die.

Friday afternoon.

A trolley trip may be arranged for. Further particulars will be made known at the Convention.

Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

A banquet or reception will be had if it can be arranged. Particulars will be given at the Meeting.

Saturday, August 26th. All day.

A grand excursion from Harrisburg to Mount Holly Park via Carlisle, where a picnic will be held. This park is one of the most beautiful spots in the State, at a distance of twenty miles west from Harrisburg and six miles south from Carlisle. Arrangements have been made for a visit to the famous Indian School at Carlisle.

Trains leave Harrisburg at 7:52 A.M. and arrive in Carlisle at 8:22 A.M. Trolley to the Indian School, then through Carlisle to Cavell, and return to Carlisle. Then trolley to Mount Holly and arrive at the park at about 11 A.M. for the picnic which may continue until late in the evening.

The fare from Harrisburg to Carlisle via the Cumberland Valley Railroad, 75 cents round trip; trolley fare to the Indian School and Cavell, 15 cents, and trolley fare to Mount Holly, 30 cents round trip.

"Trolley to Holly" every 30 minutes. Trains leave Carlisle for Harrisburg at 3:20, 4:40, 8:30 and 11:54 P.M. Good meals can be had at the park.

HOTEL RATES.

The Commonwealth, Cor. Market Street and Market Square, Rooms without bath, \$3.50 per day; with bath, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00 per day. American plan only. Single meals, 75 cents.

The Lehigh (one block from the Commonwealth). For lodging and breakfast, \$1.50; for one-half day, \$1.50; one day, \$2.50. The rates at the Lehigh are from \$2.50 to \$4.00 per day, American plan.

The Bolton. The \$2.50 rates: One-half day lodging and breakfast, \$1.25; three-fourth day, supper, lodging and breakfast, \$2.00; full day, \$2.50. The \$3.00 rate: One-half day, lodging and breakfast, \$1.50; three-fourth day, lodging and two meals, \$2.25; full day, \$3.00. Hotel Rates, Rooms from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. Conducted on European plan.

Hotel Columbia, Rooms \$1.50 per day upwards and strictly European, running hot and cold water in every room. The Metropolitan, One in a room, \$1.50; two in a room, \$2.50. European plan. (The hotel has a first floor cafe with a sixth floor dining room.)

There are some other hotels, but special arrangements have been made with the above named hotels to accommodate the visiting delegates.

We cannot secure reduced railroad rates to Harrisburg for delegates. They will have to pay regular excursion rates.

R. M. ZIEGLER,

Chairman Committee Arrangements.

205 W. Mt. Pleasant Ave., Phila., Pa.

July 20, 1911.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

Rev. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services during July and August:

First Sunday, Holy Communion, 10:30 A.M.

Other Sundays Evening Prayer, 8 P.M.

CINCINNATI.

The Cincinnati Mutes broke the losing streak, by defeating the strong Dayton Nationals last Sunday afternoon, at the East End Park. The fine playing of our club reflected much credit on the mutes, while, on the other hand, the other boys did splendidly in fielding and batting, which work satisfied Captain Taylor. Tobin retired in the fifth inning on account of his right leg being injured, and Chas. Fry took his place. The feature was the heavy batting of Wenner, who made a long hit to the right field in the seventh inning. Mahony was hit hard in the first inning, but he kept right on, however, and became better as the game went along. Summary:

CIN. MUTES	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
Himelowski, as	6	1	0	4	2	0
Taylor, 3b	6	2	2	2	2	0
Weller, rf	6	0	3	0	0	0
Wagner, 2b	5	2	2	2	3	1
Hertzog, 1b	5	2	2	6	0	1
Tobin, cf	3	1	2	1	0	0
Fry, cf	2	1	1	0	0	0
Wenner, p	3	4	2	0	0	0
Vollmer, c	5	2	3	7	2	0
Mahony, p	5	3	3	0	8	0
Total	49	17	22	24	12	2

DAYTON N'TS	AB	R	B	PO	A	E
Probst, rf	5	1	2	0	0	0
Gunning, lf	5	2	3	1	0	0
Herming, 2b	5	0	0	3	1	0
Grato, p	5	1	1	1	2	0
Gruber, ss	4	1	2	2	4	0
Conger, c	4	1	0	1	0	0
Becker, 1b	4	1	2	10	1	0
Fremont, 3b	4	1	0	1	2	1
Miller, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Total	40	9	12	24	11	4

CIN. MUTES 4 1 0 2 4 2 0-17
DAYTON N'TS 5 0 0 1 2 1 0-9

Two-base hits—Taylor, 2; Tobin, Wenner, Vollmer, Mahoney, Gunning. Three-base hits—Fry, Vollmer, Gruber. Home runs—Mahoney, Wenner, Gunning. Left on bases—Mutes, 10; Nationals, 6. Double plays—Himelowski and Hertzog. Stolen bases—Mutes, 5; Nationals, 4. Struck out—by Mahoney, 6; by Grato, 4; by Becker, 2. Passed balls—Vollmer, 3; Conger, 1. Bases on balls—off Mahoney 3; off Grato, 3; off Becker, 1. Hit by pitcher—Himelowski, Herming, Vollmer, Fremont. Time of game—Two hours and fifteen minutes. Umpires—W. Blust and Shannon. Scorer—H. O'Donnell.

Our boys will play the semi-professionals on August 6th, at Williamstown, Ky. They will depart for that town on the Queen and Crescent Route, when leaving from the depot at 6:30 in the morning.

Arthur Wenner is regarded as a clever batter, like "Cobb," of the Detroit Club.

Mr. and Mrs. James Shopshire invited Jesse Waterman, Anthony J. Novotny, John Wojchowski and George Johns to join with them in a hearty dinner last Sunday. After the dinner, Mr. Shopshire took them to witness the game between our boys and the Dayton Nationals.

The annual picnic and outing held at Coney Island last Sunday, the 22d inst., was a good success. It was given by the Knights of De l'Epee Council. Nearly one hundred mutes enjoyed their outing and some of them went there on a boat, but most of them in the afternoon. Base ball, amusing and other games were played and refreshments were served. All returned in the night, having had a very fine time.

Jesse Waterman, Anthony J. Novotny, John Wojchowski, George Johns, all of Chicago, Mrs. Swem and Miss Edna Craig, of Bethel, Early Renaker, of Berry, Ky., and Misses Ada and Myrtle Newann, of Greensburg, Ind., enjoyed it and made many new acquaintances during the picnic at Coney Island.

George Tobin, J. Wagner, J. Shopshire, Frank Lense, Thomas Serrage, will perhaps attend the picnic, August 27th, at White Eagle Grove, Chicago. They intend to leave for the Windy City, Friday night, August 25th.

IRISH WRITER.

July 28.

July 20, 1911.

To my Wisconsin Convention

Brothers of 1911:

This is a little talk on the Photographic feature of the convention. All that you can have as tangible souvenir of the happy week we spent at Delavan are photographs from the imperishable image on the plates.

The plates not developed at Delavan are even better than those from which proofs were shown.

The groupings were as follows:

The Whole Body in one photograph.

The Alumni of Gallaudet College.

(This negative is far better than the one from which proofs were shown at Delavan.)

The Superintendents and Principals Group.

(There were two made, that of Monday being unusually excellent, but on account of seven Superintendents not appearing, another group was made on Tuesday at noon. In quality, from the artistic standpoint, Monday's is far better. However, you can have either or both, but kindly specify which one.)

PRICES (Postage Prepaid.)

Unmounted glossy finish - - - \$1.25
Fine Carbonate finish - - - 1.50
Platinum, or SEPIA MAT CARBON - 2.00
Very Special—Enlargements, 18x22, from any group, each - - - 5.00

Yours sincerely,

Alex L. Pach

935 Broadway

New York City

MAMMOTH

Picnic & Games

Brooklyn Division No. 23 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

AT ULMER PARK

ON GRAVESEND BAY

Saturday, August 26th.

Baseball, Running, Jumping, Etc. Elegant Prizes for winners.

Tickets, - - 25 cents each and worth it.

Music by Prof. Thomas F. Cooper.

CHARITY BALL

under the auspices of

BROOKLYN GUILD OF DEAF-MUTES

at

ASSEMBLY ROOM

DeKalb, near Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn

Saturday Evening, November 18, 1911

The proceeds will be used for the Thanksgiving Food for Poor Deaf-Mutes. Families before Thanksgiving Day.

(PARTICULARS LATER)

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THIS DATE

ENTERTAINMENT AND

CHARITY BALL

OF THE

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

Saturday evening, January 6, 1912.

(Particulars later)

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$20.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST. The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

ORANGE, MASS.
23 South St., N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

The Rev. Arnold H. Payne, M.A. (Oxon.), is prepared to coach Deaf Men for Matriculation at Oxford University, and for the examinations for their degree after Matriculation.

Terms on application.

Jesus College, Oxford, England.

LUNA PARK

THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Deaf-Mutes' Journal

ONLY \$1 a Year.

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